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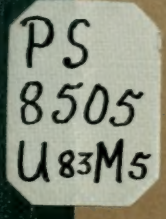
Cuthbertson, Ethel Imrie
Miscellaneous poems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# Miscellaneous Poems

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Mama's Darling

# Miscellaneous Poems

BY
ETHEL IMRIE CUTHBERTSON

VANCOUVER,
BRITISH COLUMBIA
1914

Dedicated to my little daughter
Helen

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POETRY, nature and love
A reflex of all that's true;
My only anthem of life
Consists in my love of you.

May love and beauty fill each home
Wherever you may chance to roam;
And may your little arrow dart
And pierce with joy each mother heart.

# The Lesson of the Lillies

WHY should we sit around and mournfully fret,
Wasting precious time in vain regret,
Of duties that we have left undone—
Those days are forever past and gone.

'Twere better far we should look ahead,
Remembering the past is long since dead;
'Tis folly to weep for years that're past
When opportunities come so fast.

We have no time for useless tears,
Or worrying over future fears;
Let us each resolve to live aright
Within all of humanitie's sight.

Consider the lilies how they grow,
The years may come, and the years may go,
Responsive ever to Nature's touch—
They teach the lesson we need so much.

Calm and serene as flowers in spring,
Gayly as the birds the heart should sing;
Filling the air with a merry song,
Happy and free as the day is long.

But a few hours seem the darkest night;
The days are short when the heart is light,
If strong in the strength of Nature's might,
Then each Easter brings some new delight.

# Smile, Always Smile

COME smile at your grief,
Tears only distress you,
Smiles bring sweet relief
When trial oppress you.

Come smile at your pain
When sickness befalls you,
Smiles bring joy again
When sorrows appal you.

Come smile at your fears
When black doubts surround you,
Smiles banish all tears
When darkness confounds you.

Come smile, always smile,
When life doesn't please you,
Just smile all the while—
Smiles only will ease you.

# Home of the Soul

I CARE NOT what trials I face in this life,
Be it sickness, or death, want, or strife,
If it leads to the Fountain pure and calm,
Where peace is the healer, truth the balm.

I do not care if sorrow and pain
Fall on my path like drops of rain,
If it leads me on to that haven of peace,
Where the hand of truth bids doubting cease.

I care not though the tempests roar,
My feet with thorns are bruised and sore,
If it leads me on to that rest of soul,
When truth steps in and takes control.

I will face the hill though mountains steep,
The valley of death be it e'er so deep,
If it leads to that end for which I pray,
Where the flag of truth shall wave alway.

My feet shall not falter, nor my courage fail,
Tho' my path lies in darkness, and tempests assail,
If it leads to that harbour of hope and light,
Illumined by truth forever bright.

If it leads me on to the higher plane,
Where the soul shall over the body reign,
Above all grievings, want, and strife,
To the land of truth, the only life.

If it leads me on to perfect peace
Where all conflicts with this life shall cease,
To that home of the soul, the land of rest,
Which light and truth hath forever blessed.

# Try to Forget

TRY to forget me, 'twere better so,
'Twill spare thy soul many pangs of woe;
Fate hath ordained that we two must part,
So banish me out of your mind and heart.

Try to forget those happy days
When we sat and talked by the sad sea waves—
For memory but brings to you keen regret,
So try, dear heart, your love to forget.

Try to forget me, tho the heart be sore,
As you think of those dreams in days of yore,
"Time," the great healer, laughs at defeat—
So try to forget till in Heaven we meet.

Try to forget how much *I* love you,
Try to forget that *my* heart is true;
Cast your love to the golden past,
Forgetfulness buries all sorrows at last.

Try to forget the parting here,
Remember that Heaven is very near;
Perhaps on that strange and mystic shore
You may call me yours forever more.

# A Lock of Silver Hair

NO richer gem has yet been given
To fill my mind with thoughts of Heaven,
No sweeter flower, however so fair,
As this tiny lock of mother's hair.

As I gaze on this tress, now silver grey,
It brings me back to childhood's day,
And I long through tears of dull despair
To kiss her brow who wore this hair.

So dear to my heart is my mother's love,
Even when she dwells with angels above,
Shall my lips sip blessings rich and rare,
From this precious lock of silver hair.

It tells me mother has suffered all
The trials that tend to make me fall,
She bravely bore her earthly care,
The noble brow who wore this hair.

When sorrows assail me, and troubles arise,
I gaze on my treasure through tear-dimmed eyes,
And it bids me look up, neither fear nor despair—
It fills me with hope, this silver grey hair.

In fancy before me her sweet face I see,
As she calls God's blessing down upon me;
You say it is weakness, but what do I care?
I'll but hug more closely my mother's grey hair.

Right on through life I'll wear this token
Of a deep, strong love that can't be broken,
Bless God for this gift so rich and rare,
A noble mother with silver hair.

# The Soul's Conflict

BE still, my soul, and let me rest,
God knoweth for thee what is best;
Why do you strive to wing away
When God infinite bids you stay?

Be calm, my soul, thy struggles cease,
I would my heart should be at peace;
Why bid thy maker set you free
To sail across some unknown sea?

Be silent, O my soul, and see
What Nature hath planned out for thee;
Why wish to sail to pastures new
When God hath work on earth for you?

Be mindful, O my soul, for life
Is as you make it: peace or strife;
Cease from thy conflict and be still,
Just bide God's time, and do His will.

# Peace

PEACE thou art a beautious and gentle thing,
That falls o'er our hearts with silken wing,
Thou dost pierce through the pain and remove the sting
Leaving nothing but love, joy, and harmony within.

Thy sweet, gentle presence is balm to the soul,
Keeping envious passionate hearts under control,
Wherever you enter you leave blessing and rest,
When you touch our hearts are we surely blessed.

In joy or in pain, in life or in death,
Do we feel the sweetness of thy Heavenly breath,
You linger o'er our hearts as the dew on the flowers
Till life seems a dream of a few short hours.

# Reason

I'M weary tonight, too long have I dwelt
On thoughts that my soul hath too deeply felt,
'Tis not my heart thro care that is breaking,
In my soul lies the seat of the aching.

I'm seeking for truth, not part, but the whole,
Concerning the future state of my soul;
Does my spirit and soul crumble away
As does this physical body of clay?

Was I placed on earth just to do God's will,
To help build his world and his land to till?
Then just tossed aside like a broken toy
That's thrown from the hands of a thoughtless boy.

Ah no, reason tells me it cannot be,
In some future state God hath need of me,
Else why should I be ambitious and wise
And prepare my soul for yonder skies?

God would not have planted a thought so deep,
To trouble my mind awake or asleep;
So when I reason, be kind, I pray,
For the soul is not of this earthly clay.

The soul and spirit, which I know are one,
Will live while the eternal ages run,
I'm willing to leave all to God and see
What the future still has in store for me.

Now be patient, my soul, and wait your time,
All too soon will the death bells for you chime;
As a babe is born to this world of strife
You'll be born anew to a higher life.

WARD, ELLWOOD & POUND, LTD.
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